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THREE PARIS ART SALES

THREE art sales of the first importance are on the docket in Paris. The first, in its order of occurrence, is that of the collection of the late M. Hulot. The Hulot Collection is noted for its examples, of the highest quality, of Eugene Delacroix, Diaz, Jules Dupré, Meissonier, Pettenkofen, Troyon, Boilly, Boucher, Chardin, De Marne, Greuze, Hobbema, Maurice-Quentin de la Tour, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Rosalba Carriera, who from being a humble Venetian lace-maker became the greatest portraitist in miniature and crayon of her time; Ruysdael, Jan Steen, Teniers, Watteau and the inimitable Mme. Vigée Lebrun. The sale will be made by M. Paul Chevallier, of 10 Rue de la Grange Batelière, assisted by MM. Eugene Féral and Georges Petit, as experts, at the Petit Gallery, 8 Rue de Sèze, on May 9th and 10th.

The second sale, which will be made by Messrs. Tual and Chevallier, with the assistance of M. Bernheim jeune, of 8 Rue Laffitte and 135 Piccadilly, London, as expert, will dispose of the collection of M. Alexandre Dumas, already adverted to in these columns. It will be made at the Hôtel Drouot. The collection, as I have previously remarked, is an exceptionally fine one, for M. Dumas is a true amateur, and out of many acquisitions has gradually sifted the best, which now come under the gavel of the auctioneer. The collection is rich in works of importance by Corot, Delacroix, Jules Dupré, Charles Jacque, J. Lefebvre, Meissonier, Nattier, Prud'hon, Th. Rousseau, Troyon and Vollon, and includes 38 paintings by Tassaert, whom M. Dumas had the courage to recognize when others would not, just as he took de Beaumont under his friendly wing and advanced his fame. M. Dumas sells all his ancient and modern paintings, excepting some personal souvenirs of his friend Meissonier and other artists. May 12th and 13th are the dates set for his sale.

The Daupias sale, noticed elsewhere, will be made by M. Paul Chevallier, assisted by Messrs. Arnold and Tripp and M. Féral as experts.

INSECT PESTS ERADICATED

ALL persons connected with horticulture, whether as amateurs or practical gardeners, are alike interested in the great questions of how to preserve their plants healthy and vigorous, and prevent their being infested with injurious insects or parasites, which are such an annoyance and the cause of so many disappointments to every lover of plants, by retarding that which otherwise would be a source of much pleasure and pride to the cultivator. The attack of insects on foliage is often left unnoticed until a good deal of injury has been done. An unhealthy appearance of the leaves is not produced immediately they are attacked; so that it is very important that plants should often be examined in order to prevent the permanent injury to the foliage which the green fly, thrip and red spider are capable of effecting in a comparatively short time. A very little carelessness in this respect may be the ruin of the finest conservatory.

The difficulty of producing an insecticide to be effectual in destroying hardy parasites without injuring the delicate shoots and foliage of tender plants, and at the same time being clean and agreeable in the using, has, by the introduction of Siebenborn's A. B. C. Insect Exterminator, been satisfactorily overcome. The A. B. C. Exterminator can be sprayed over the daintiest orchid and the most delicate bud, can be used upon the most tender young plant and the hardiest old tree, with equal immunity. No green or black fly, caterpillar, mealy bug, wire worm or any other form of parasite that ravages the flower or the fruit garden can exist under it. Moreover, it can be used on fruits without any danger of injury to the person who may eat them ten minutes after it is applied. It is innocuous to all but the pests which it eradicates.

The A. B. C. Insect Exterminator of Professor Siebenborn is a combination which is the result of chemical experiments during many years. It needs but to be known to be appreciated. Its utility is summed up in the statement that it absolutely destroys all insect life, from the moth to the kitchen beetle, from the bookworm to the mammoth boring worm which channels the hardest wood. It can be easily and cleanly applied, it has no disagreeable odor, and it leaves no stain or sign of its use upon the finest fabric or the most delicate tinted stuff of any kind.

A copy of Audubon's "Birds of America" was sold in London recently for nearly \$1,700—as much, if not more, than the combined annual income of Audubon's two daughters—who now reside, in meagrely genteel circumstances, in New York City.

Comstockianism seems to have struck at the very political heart of the nation. I learn from Washington that last month a very nice policeman entered the Veerhöff Galleries on F street and notified the establishment to remove from the show-window a photograph of Sir Frederick Leighton's "Bath of Psyche." It would, indeed, be a pity to have the chastity of Washington sullied by the insidious and demoralizing influences of the nude in art. They like their morals at the capital with at least one garment on.

BABBLE OF THE BOULEVARD

(Special Correspondence of THE COLLECTOR)

IT is but necessary to pay a visit to the eighth annual exhibition of the Société de Pastellistes Français, recently opened at the Gallery Petit, to be convinced of the fact that art in dry color is rapidly gaining in popularity on this side of the Atlantic. To the society itself is no doubt due the interest which at present seems to have taken a firm hold in the direction of this branch of art, and while the exhibit in question scarcely merits the commendation due its predecessors, it at least serves a purpose.

Gervex sends four separate figure pieces, which, sadly enough, are mere studio simulacrae, and quite unworthy of the artist: a man in a brown jacket, a sleeping woman, an allegory and a baby; each and all of which have been outlined again and again by other brushes and crayons. Forian, who designs commonplace illustrations for *La Vie Parisienne*, sends some interiors and a sketch of the wings at the Opera, with a gathering of ballet girls and emasculated young gentlemen discussing some trivial matter. His men and women look very wretched indeed, for they are mere accessories of the atelier. La Touche shows how intense a degree of admiration he has for the studies of Carolus Duran in a portrait of a lady posed against a red curtain. The curtain is well painted, but the lady is not. He also has an aged man in his shirt sleeves and suspenders rehearsing before a mirror a funeral oration to be delivered the same afternoon, and which we have little or no desire to hear. Lhermitte has a delightful rural scene, which he has treated admirably; a number of washer-women at work upon the bank of a stream—a real stream, through the currents of which the river bed with its pebbles and moss-covered boulders is almost visible. The picture does much to compensate one for having inspected the rubbish at either side of it.

Jean Béraud sends a young woman standing on the balcony of an apartment house at night and gazing at the dome of the Hippodrome near by. The Hippodrome has evidently more interest for her than the picture for us. Montenard, Nozal, Legarde and Rosset are good enough in their way. Thévenot exhibits a striking portrait of old Auguste Vacquerie, the surviving friend and companion of Hugo; while Puvis de Chavannes is scarcely as happy in pastel as in oil. As a whole, the show is deserving of praise; yet if there were less interior, not so much effort to express the inexpressible, and more space, light and air, the effect would be more agreeable.

Perhaps it is for the reason that art and nature were ever wedded to one another that each are equally possessed of devotees. Collectors of leaves, grasses, beetles, woods and minerals vie with those whose inclination leads them to tread the more tangled labyrinths of antiquity and letters. For example, I have recently observed more than once, now that the spring is with us, that an old and highly contagious mania has broken out again with all its violence in the rural districts of France. It is that of tulip growing.

An exceptionally interesting romance by Alexandre Dumas, the elder, deals with the iniquitous attempts of a felonious tulip fancier to rob his successful rival of a new and rare variety of the flower. The great *raconteur* never wrote a more thrilling story than that which tells of the adventures of Rosa Gryphus and Cornelius Van Baerle, and the famous black tulip, for the successful production of which William the Taciturn, king of Holland, offered a prize of ten thousand guilders. The mania of tulip collecting and the raising of rare specimens of the bell-shaped bud raged in the Low Countries fully two centuries ago. It spread into France shortly after the Bourbon Restoration. The variegated garden beds that lend such warmth and color to the land of dykes and dunes indicate not only the artistic taste for which the Dutch have for ages been renowned, but the result of years of constant toil and perseverance.

Tulip growers in France, as well as in the little kingdom washed by the waters of the North Sea, are quite as enthusiastic in the pursuit of their chosen calling as is the most pronounced victim of bibliomania. They are forever buying, bartering, selling and exchanging. Not only may the wealthy, but those of more modest means indulge in this attractive pastime. And yet it is probable that no single species of plant or flower has commanded higher prices for unique specimens than has the tulip. Bulbs are sold for enormous sums, the ownership of a single one—in Holland, at least—being often divided up into shares and appraised at as much as 30,000 florins. Alphonse Karr, in his "Voyage Autour de Mon Jardin," has given us a number of amusing anecdotes apropos of the extravagance generated by the tulip mania. The vigorous old *chroniqueur* used to say that flowers—the loveliest and most innocent of nature's offspring—too frequently inspired the very worst of passions in those who cultivated them competitively. Poor Karr! His words were almost prophetic. Botany inspired in his generous heart a passion which ended in the robbing him of his life.